

THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

By H. J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

42ND YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, APRIL 30, 1860.

NO. 47.

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J. C. Neely,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will attend to collections and all other business entrusted to the care with promptness. Office in the S. E. corner of the Diamond, (formerly occupied by Wm. B. McClellan, Esq.) Gettysburg, April 11, 1859. If

Wm. B. McClellan,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office in West Mid. Baltimore street, one door west of the new Court House, Nov. 14, 1859.

Wm. A. Duncan,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office in the North-west corner of Centre Square, Gettysburg, Pa. Oct. 3, 1859. If

A. J. Cover,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will promptly attend to Collections and all other business entrusted to him. Office between Faberstocks' and Daner & Ziegler's Stores, Baltimore street, Gettysburg, Pa. (Sept. 5, 1859.

Edward B. Buehler,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. He speaks the German language.—Office at the same place in South Baltimore street, near Forney's drug store, and nearly opposite Daner & Ziegler's store. Gettysburg, March 20.

D. McCaughy,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office one door west of Buehler's drug and book store, Chambersburg street. ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR FOR PATENTS AND PATENTORS. Bounty Land Warrants, Back-pay suspended Claims, and all other claims against the Government at Washington, D. C. also American Claims in England, Land Warrants located and sold, or bought, and highest prices given. Agents engaged in locating warrants in Iowa, Illinois and other western States. Apply to him personally or by letter. Gettysburg, Nov. 21, '53.

Dr. A. W. Dorsey,
FORMERLY of Carroll county, Md., having permanently located in Gettysburg, offers his professional services to the citizens of this town and surrounding country in the practice of the various branches of his profession. Office and residence, Baltimore street, next door to the Compiler office, where he may be found at all times when not professionally engaged.

Prof. Athan R. Smith, Baltimore, Md.
Dr. J. L. Wardell, Westminster, Md.
Dr. W. A. Mattingly, " " " " " "
Jacob Herx, " " " " " "
John K. Longwell, Esq., " " " " " "
Geo. E. Wampler, Esq., " " " " " "
Rev. Thomas Bowen, Gettysburg. Oct. 25, 1858. 'em

J. Lawrence Hill, M. D.
As his office one door west of the Lutheran church in Chambersburg street, and opposite Pickers' store, where those wishing to have any Dental Operation performed are respectfully invited to call. References: Drs. Horner, Rev. C. P. Knapp, D. D., Rev. H. L. Baugher, D. D., Rev. Prof. M. Jacobs, Rev. M. L. Stever. Gettysburg, April 11, '59.

Wanted.
A FIRST-CLASS BEAM HAND, one thoroughly acquainted with the business, to whom constant employment and good wages will be given. Apply to J. S. SMITH, 12 miles East of Cumberland, Md. April 16, 1860. '3t

Just in Season!
GIVE US A CALL!—The undersigned have just received from the cities an immense stock of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, CASSINETS, VESTINGS in all varieties, &c., suitable for the season, which they offer to the public at unprecedentedly low rates.

To ask a call,
of the truth of his assertion. No trouble to show goods and give prices. A large lot of READY-MADE CLOTHING also selling cheaper than ever.
Garments made up for men and boys, as usual, in the very best manner, and according to say style desired. The work being done in their own establishment, they are always enabled to warrant it. Remove their place of business in the large and commodious room adjoining Cobean & Culp's on Chambersburg street. JACOBS & BRO., Sept. 19, 1859. Merchant Tailors.

New Periodical Store.
READING FOR EVERYBODY, AND ALL KINDS OF READING.—The undersigned most respectfully announces to the reading public that he has opened a new Periodical Store and News Depot in the corner recently occupied for that purpose by Messrs. Aughbaugh & Son, in Carlisle street, a few doors above the Washington House, where he is prepared to meet the wants and suit the tastes of the literary world.
The City Daily will be received and delivered promptly. All the leading Magazines, Periodicals, Literary Journals, Pictorials, Ballads, Music, and in fact any and everything in the News and Periodical line will be found at the new establishment.
JOSEPH BROADHEAD.
Subscriptions to papers, magazines, &c., received at all times. Give us a call. J. B. April 2, 1860. '3m

Milinery Removed.
MISS MARIA BENNETT has removed her Milinery Establishment to the east side of Baltimore street, directly opposite the old stand. She has Donnet Trimmings on hand, and will also be ready to make Bonnets. The latest fashions for Bonnets received. Work done in the best manner, and according to the newest styles. Gettysburg, April 9, 1860.

Another Arrival.
H. G. CARR has just received another large stock of GROCERIES, GLASS and QUEENSWARE, CHINA, &c., to which he invites the attention of the public. He only asks a call, convinced that he can satisfy every customer. Remember the place, York street, nearly opposite the "Globe Inn." April 9, 1860.

Wall Paper! Wall Paper!
We have just received from the City of New York a large assortment of Wall Paper of the newest patterns and designs. Colored, Marble and Oak, velvet and plain border, decorations, fire-board prints and window shades. Wall Paper from 5 cents per piece and upwards. R. F. McILHENRY, March 26, 1860.

HOUSEKEEPERS, TAKE NOTICE!
Some short going to Harrisburg on the 1st of general assortment of everything they need, at low prices at J. FAHRESTOCK'S.

CHARLES SHAW'S—(Ladies, only) and eye of S. S. from \$1.25 to \$15.00. J. C. GUIN & BROS.

THE BOOK OF GENEALOGY has been re-edited, and which will be sold low, at \$1.00. J. C. GUIN & BROS.

POSTS CORNER.

TODAY AND TO-MORROW.
A BEAUTIFUL LESSON, BEAUTIFULLY TOLD.
A rosebud blossomed in my bower,
A bird sang in my garden;
The rosebud was its fairest flower,
The bird its gentlest warbler.
And a child behind the hedges
Sang, "Think no more of sorrow,
But let us smile and sing to-day,
For we must weep to-morrow."
I asked the bird, "Oh, didst thou hear
The song that she would sing to-day?
And can it be that thou shouldst fear
What the next morning would bring thee?"
He answered with triumphant strain,
Saying, "I know not sorrow;
But I must sing my best to-day,
For I may die to-morrow."
I asked the rose, "Oh, tell me, sweet,
Thou canst not fear, from this retreat,
The coming of the morning frost,
She flung her fragrant tresses apart,
The lover for her sorrow,
Saying, "Yet I must bloom to-day,
For I may drop to-morrow."
I said, "The bloom upon my cheek
Is fading as the roses;
My face no more shall glow or speak,
When dust is dust to-morrow;
And from these soulless monitors
One lesson I may borrow—
That we should smile and sing to-day,
For we may weep to-morrow."
(Home Journal.)

MISCELLANY.

Leaving Home.
There is hardly a time in the life of a youth, which seems to gather together so many tokens of a mother's affection and care, as when he is leaving the roof that has sheltered him from infancy, and going forth to prepare for, or to enter upon, the duties and scenes of life. That trunk, which no one but his mother can arrange and pack, is filled with the work of her own hands; work which she has done while he was, perhaps, asleep, or at play; in which her tears have fallen, as she has anticipated the moment of separation; and over which her prayers have often been silently offered for blessings on her child. Piece after piece is carefully put away, while the children look on, and talk cheerfully of the morrow, and know not the anxiety and care that is passing in the mother's heart. All is at length arranged and on the layer is placed a Bible, on the fly-leaf of which is written the mother's earnest wish. That her child may take that blessed volume as his guide through life. And when he is far away, amid scenes that are strange and new, if there is one motive next to the desire to obey God, that should above all others, induce him to abstain from evil, and to act wisely and virtuously, it should be the wish to please his mother, and to repay her kindness and care. Nothing will so surely do this, as the knowledge that her son remembers her instructions, obeys her commands, even while absent, and is growing up in wisdom and virtue.

Herschel and Newton were men of intellectual substance; Fenelon and Wesley, of spiritual substance; Luther was a man of moral substance; Howard, of benevolent substance. Some men are wealthy in substance because of their riches; some because they are fat; but the weightiest of all is the high noble minded man, influenced largely by spiritual force; for all men weigh in the moral world according to their energy, morality, goodness of heart, greatness of soul and Christian humanity. All man's self-interest, assumption, pretensions, oppression, &c., detract from the true substance of the man, and deduct from his weight accordingly. Wellington, when he was born, perhaps did not weigh more than ten pounds, but when he died he weighed down England and more than half of Europe. The same thought might be applied to our own Thomas Jefferson, and so of Newton, who hung lightly on the steelyard when he went on his tour of investigation among the planets—but before he died he weighed the planets upon the steelyard of his logic.

A Literary Gem.—There is something so tender and beautiful in the following from the pen of B. F. Taylor, of the Chicago Journal, that throws sunset around the tomb. We commend it to the lovers of the chaste and glowing in thought and diction:
"There is not a breath of air and a beat of the heart, betwixt this world and the next. When the good and lovely die, the memory of their doings, like the moonbeams on the stormy sea, light up our darkened hearts and lend to the surrounding gloom a beauty so sad, so sweet that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness that environs it."
A year ago we predicted that "the little bonnets of the present day are sure to be followed by the large scap shawls which used to hide the fair faces of the wearers fifteen or twenty years ago." Editors, like poets, are prophets ex-officio, and the fulfillment of our fashions. Not long ago, you could not see a woman's bonnet for her face; presently you won't be able to see her face for the bonnet, but—
"Searching long in vain,
You'll spy her features down a Leghorn lane!"

Slanders, issuing from red, and beautiful lips, are like foal spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.
When you receive a kindness, remember it; when you bestow one, forget it.
Fame is like an over-zealous hard to catch and a good deal harder to hold.
A monument to John Bunyan, the author of "Pilgrim's Progress," is about to be erected in London.

A Real Romance.

Some years ago, says the Petersburg Press, a lady residing in Pennsylvania sent her only child, a son, to Europe, to look after certain property that had been bequeathed to her by a relative in Belgium. The sum was a large one, and would have placed her far beyond the necessity of labor. The property was secured and the son wrote home that he would return home in the steamer Pacific, with the funds obtained from its sale. The Pacific never reached the shores of America, and it is supposed that all on board of her perished. The old lady was inconsolable for a long while, but time finally softened her grief. She removed to Petersburg, and for a long time has been noted among her immediate neighbors for her industry and charity.

On Thursday last, a stranger called upon her. He was bearded to the eyes, and his mind betokened one who had seen much of the world. She received him kindly, and he began to speak of her son. She recognized his voice—the veil of years was lifted from her eyes, the old time came back to her like a long forgotten dream, and she knew her offspring.

His story is readily related. He did not leave in the Pacific, but was taken ill in London with the bilious fever. During his sickness he was robbed of all he possessed. Upon his recovery he dared not return home penniless, and therefore repaired to France. Finding no employment, he made his way to Russia, where he obtained a situation upon one of the government railways, then under the superintendence of Joseph Harrison, Jr., Esq., of Philadelphia. Accumulating a handsome sum he returned to France, and purchased a farm, which he subsequently disposed of at a large profit. He then repaired to England where he espoused the daughter of a gentleman of wealth. After his honeymoon he returned to this country, in the *Berkman*, to seek his mother and carry her home. After considerable effort he found her in our city, and on Monday last left for the North, whence he will shortly take passage for Europe.

Talking of actions at law. Quilp says they are of two sorts, namely, civil and criminal,—which he severely defines and illustrates in the following intelligible manner:—Thus, to lift your friend's note at a bank is a civil action,—very; while shop-lifting is a criminal action—and a heavy offence. Speaking of actions real and personal, he observes that "personal actions die with the person,"—and he further remarks (on his own hook) that sometimes the person dies with the action, as in cases of suicide. The doctrine that "real actions survive" he perceives, "he thinks can only apply to real bad actions; and quotes Chief Baron Shakespeare (Jul. Cas. act. 3, sec. 2):
"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones."

A Roland for an Oliver.—A wag of a fellow by the name of Thornton, one day got up during service and walked out of church making a rather prominent display of a gold-headed cane.—The preacher, a well-known eccentric character, with a wooden leg—the result of his love of fox hunting—immediately pounced upon him in this wise: "Pull that cane from under your arm my young friend, and throw it away. There are no gold-headed canes in heaven." Whereupon, Thornton turning round, replied: "Pull that stick of wood out of your pants, my old friend, and throw it away. There are no wooden legs in heaven."

An Abolition College.—Artemus Ward? This sums up briefly college life at Oberlin: Oberlin is a large place. Kollidge opens with a prayer and the New York Tribune is read. A collection is then taken up to buy overcoats with red horn buttons on them for the indignant kullered people of Kanada. I have to contribute liberally to the glorious work, as they call it here. At the border house the kullered people sits at the first table—what they leave is made into hash for the white people. P. S.—The Kollidge has bestowed upon me the honorary title of K. T., of which I am sufficiently proud.

Mrs. Jones.—said a gentleman, one day last Summer, when railroad accidents were so numerous, to a lady whose husband was a brakeman, "Mrs. Jones, do you not feel worried about Mr. Jones while he is on the cars, in view of the many accidents that are now daily occurring?" "Well, I don't care at all," replied the contented lady, "for, if I see, if he is killed I know I shall be paid for it, because Mr. Williams got \$40 for his cow that was run over by the cars a few days since!"
Not long since a religious society in Connecticut met to decide what color they should paint their meeting-house. Some proposed one color and some another. At last said one: "I move we paint it rum-color, for Deacon Smith has had his face painted that color for a number of years, and it grows brighter and brighter every year."
The Deacon's face grow brighter than ever.
The stars do not more rarely keep their courses, than an ill-regulated manhood will follow a misdirected youth.
A woman recently got a divorce from her husband, in Illinois, because he insisted on sleeping with his shoes on.
A monument to John Bunyan, the author of "Pilgrim's Progress," is about to be erected in London.

What Crows May Be Educated To.

Woe's frequent remonstrances in the agricultural papers, against the killing of crows, and they are declared to be natural scavengers, very necessary to us. But, in the Island of Ceylon, where they have always been held sacred, and therefore have been at liberty to propagate and acquire knowledge, they are thus described:—"No article however promising its quality, provided only it be portable, can with safety be left unguarded in any apartment accessible to them. The contents of ladies' work-boxes, kid gloves and pocket handkerchiefs, vanish instantly if exposed near a window or an open door. They open paper parcels to ascertain the contents; they will undo the knot on a napkin if it encloses anything eatable, and I have known a crow to extract the peg which fastened the lid of a basket, in order to plunder the provender within. On one occasion a nurse seated in a garden adjoining a regimental mess-room, was terrified by seeing a bloody clasp-knife drop from the air at her feet; but the mystery was explained on learning that a crow, which had been watching the cook chopping mince-meat, had seized the moment when his head was turned to carry off the knife. One of these ingenious scavengers, after vainly attitudinizing in front of a chained watch-dog, which was lastly gnawing a bone, and after fruitlessly endeavoring to divert his attention by dancing before him, with head awry and eye askance, at length flew away for a moment, and then returned, bringing with it a companion, who perched itself on a branch a few yards in the rear. The crow's grimaces were now actively renewed, but with no better result, till its confederate, poisoning himself on his wings, descended with the utmost velocity, striking the dog upon the spine with all the force of his beak. The ruse was successful; the dog started with surprise and pain, but not quickly enough to seize his assailant, whilst the bone he had been gnawing disappeared the moment he uttered a cry. The recurrence of this device came within my knowledge at Colombo, and at once the sagacity and power of communication and combination possessed by these astute and courageous birds."

"I Don't Dance."—A plain, unlettered man from the country in the State of Alabama, came to Tuscaloosa, and on the Sabbath went early to church. He selected a seat in a convenient spot, and awaited patiently the assembling of the congregation. The services commenced. Presently the music of a full-toned organ burst upon his astonished ear; he had never heard one before. At the same time the gentleman who owned the slip came up the aisle, with his lady leaning upon his arm. As he approached the door of the slip he motioned to give place to the lady. This movement the countryman did not comprehend, and from the situation of the gentleman and lady, associated as it was in his mind with the music, he immediately concluded that a cotillion, or a French contra dance, or some other dance was intended. Rising partly from his seat he said to himself: "Excuse me, excuse me, if you please, I don't dance."

Iron-dropping.—The case of the Commonwealth vs. Shas Williams, indicted for caravandropping, on the oath of Henry Ritter, is set down for trial at the next term of the Dauphin county court. An caravandropper is defined by Webster to be "one who stands under the eaves or near a window or door of a house to listen and hear what is said within doors; figuratively, one who watches for an opportunity to hear the private conversation of others." Cases of this nature are of very rare occurrence in our State, and from its singularity, the trial will attract much attention.

Dun.—Almost every person has had occasion to use the word "dun," and all know what it means, as now rendered, yet few, we venture to say, know its origin. It owes its pertinency, it is said, to one Joe Dan, a famous billiard of Lincoln, England, in the time of Henry VII. He was so extremely shrewd in the management of his rough business, and so dextrous in the collection of dues, that his name became proverbial; and whenever a man refused to pay his debts, it grew into a prevalent custom to say, "Why don't you Dun him?"

Birth of a Monster.—The town of Dutch Acres is fixed upon as the birthplace of a monster. The being is said to have been all covered with hair, to have had six fingers on each hand, and six toes on each foot. It had three heads and a tail, eyes at the back of each head, and three pairs of horns.—The account adds that the child was according to custom, burned alive, and that the mother died eight days afterward.

The Coast of Cuba again threatens danger to unwary American merchantmen. Capt. Barney of the ship *Mascamora*, at New Orleans from Liverpool, reports that when off the coast of Cuba, he was pursued and fired at by a war steamer carrying Spanish colors; and was only permitted to pass after answering various interrogatories. He states that he had the American flag flying all the time.

No More Hanging.—The Legislature of the State of Wisconsin has refused, by a very decided vote, to repeal the law abolishing capital punishment in that State.
During the recent session of the Legislature 2900 bills were reported from the various Standing Committees. Most of these bills were sent upon both houses, and over half of them passed finally.

True Contentment.

In this age of restlessness and wild speculation, when so many are searching eagerly for happiness, and sighing, after numerous disappointments, "who will show us any good?" it is refreshing to meet with a contented Christian heart, which has found true peace by living in constant communion with God. In one of our exchanges, we find the following:
"Said a venerable farmer, some eighty years old, to a relative who had lately visited him, 'I have lived on this farm half a century. I have no desire to change my residence as long as I live on earth. I have no desire to be any richer than I now am. I have worshipped the God of my fathers with the same people for more than forty years. During this time I have rarely been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and have never lost one communion season. I have never been confined to my bed by sickness for a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread around me, and I made up my mind long ago, that if I wished to be happier, I must have more religion.'"

How to Enjoy Toothache.
To enjoy the delectable pain to its fullest extent, you should have it in all its glory for about a week. Let the pain permeate and inundate into every portion of the diseased member, raising, jumping and springing around generally like rats in a corn-cub; let it ache until you can't tell whether the pain is in your mouth, on the top of your head, or in your cravat, but rather think it is around there; let it ache until you feel like it would be a great relief to hold up your head by the ears and shake out every molar, incisor, grinder and scher in it; let it ache until you are doubtful whether you stand in the position that nature assigned you, or with your heels in the air; let it ache until you seriously believe that every bone, nerve and muscle of your body is full of teeth, and that every tooth is aching on its own hook, and then, when you have enough pain in your individual mouth to fit you out as hospital when you feel like kicking yourself down stairs—when you are exceedingly anxious to fall down somewhere and break your neck—then, we repeat, you begin to realize the toothache.—*Journals Register.*

Mrs. Partington and the Medicine.—"I want something for a bronchial affliction," said Mrs. Partington, leaning over Dr. Restiaux's counter. The Doctor, with that smiling urbanity which has become a feature at the north end, told her that he could prepare something that would help her. Filling a small bottle he handed it to her. "This isn't the Pictorial Syrup, is it?" she inquired; "because," continued she, "that creates a nausea and rises my expectations; I only want a simple lubrication for the throat." He assured her it was just what she wanted. She thanked him, forgetting all about the pay, while he amused himself by trying to push a pound of sponge through an inch mesh of iron netting.

Remedy for a Felon.—We find the following in the Auburn Daily News: A lady who had been troubled for some time with a felon on her finger, gives a simple remedy from which she experienced great relief, and which enabled her to obtain sleep for the first time in many nights. It was to cut a hole in a lemon and wear it on the finger like a thimble—the felon being encased in the fruit.
A bright little girl of five years was recently standing by the window, busily examining a hair which she had just pulled from her head. "What are you doing my daughter?" asked her mother, whose curiosity was excited by her eager gaze. "I'm looking for the number, mamma," said the child; "the Bible says that the hairs of our head are numbered, and I want to see what the number is on this."

It is very common for homely people to disparage beauty, as if it were the invariable accompaniment of dullness and depravity; whereas Nature, in spite of occasional freaks, is a great lover of symmetry, and with a good face is very apt to give a corresponding mind and disposition. That is Quill's opinion, and he is plain enough to be an impartial judge.—*Boston Post.*

Every young man should remember that the world always honors industry. The vulgar and useless idler, whose energies of body and mind are rusting for want of occupation, may look with scorn upon the laborer, engaged at his toil; but his scorn is praise; his contempt honor.
A Cleveland shoemaker lately ran away from his wife for a most singular reason. She blessed him with twins. He said he had no objection to such an event once, but his wife had "played the same capor before, and he wouldn't live with a woman that served him so."
Very extensive ruins of an ancient city have been discovered in New Mexico, nearly miles north-west of Fort Stanton. They are said to rival in magnificence and architectural decorations the gigantic ruins of Thebes and Palmyra. They were evidently built by a warlike race.
A raw Jerseyman who had been gazing at a garden in Richmond, in which were several marble statues, exclaimed: "Just see what a waste! Here's no less than six scare-crows in this little ten-foot patch, and any one of them would be enough to keep the crows from a five acre lot!"
A man who had a broken leg like a pig, was asked: "Answer—how many gate-downs three spokes have?"

The Great Sea Serpent.

The British Banner has beat the American flag, and has actually got dominion over the "tarleil snake," at least. The following extract from the log of the barque British Banner, will give some idea of the strength and size of this monster of the deep:—"On the 25th April, in lat. 12 deg. 7 min. S., long. 98 deg. 52 min. E., felt a strong sensation as if the ship was trembling. Sent the second mate to see what was up; the latter called out to me to go up the fore-rigging and look over the bows. I did so, and saw an enormous serpent shaking the bowsprit with his mouth. There was about thirty feet of the serpent out of the water about five or six feet long; was about the circumference of a very wide crinoline petticoat, with black back, shaggy mane, horn on his forehead and large glaring eyes, placed rather near the nose, and jaws about eight feet long. He did not observe me, and continued shaking the bowsprit and throwing the sea alongside into a foam until the former came clear away of the ship. The serpent was powerful enough, although the ship was carrying all sail, and going at about six knots at the time he attacked us, to stop her way completely. When the bowsprit, with the jibboom sails and rigging, went by the board, the monster swallowed the foremast stay and the rigging snapper like thread. He sheered off a little after this, and returned apparently to scratch himself against the side of the ship, making a most extraordinary noise resembling that on board a steamer, when the boilers are blowing off. A whale breached within a mile of the ship at this time, and the serpent darted off after it like a flash of lightning, striking the vessel with his tail, and staying in all the star-board quarter gally. Saw no more of it, but caught a young one in the afternoon, and brought it to Melbourne. William Wallace, Master, British Banner. [The Banner arrived at Liverpool on Sunday, and is now in the Albert Dock. Captain Taylor declares that the above statement is perfectly correct.]

A Lantern Case.—One of the most unique of recent Yankee inventions is a case, which is also a lantern, a stout, elegant walking-stick, and a brilliant steady light. The lantern is set in the body of the case about six inches from its top, and so as not to disfigure its proportions or beauty, and can be lit at pleasure by pulling the case apart, or borne along dead, when the case, without close observation, is indistinguishable from a large-sized walking-stick. It is a useful invention for doctors, watchmen, editors of daily papers, young men who "sit up" late with people who ain't their sisters, and all other classes who have to be out of nights.

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Temperatures higher than forty degrees occurring suddenly, forcibly the effects of frost in degree, so far as they affect disintegration.—*Working Farmer.*
A bill has recently passed both Houses of the New York Legislature, so modifying the death penalty that executions hereafter are only to be for treason, arson, and murder in the first degree, and death sentences are not to be executed until one year, nor until the Governor so directs by warrant. This gives time for developments, if error or perjury has been committed.
The Rev. John Stein, for the last forty years pastor of the Lutheran church in Lebanon county, Pa., died last week. He was one of the oldest Lutheran clergymen in Pennsylvania. In the war of 1812 he deceased served as a volunteer in the defence of Baltimore.
Outside of Philadelphia, the largest Medical College in this country is at Nashville, Tennessee. The class, at the recent ninth annual commencement, numbered 450.
Milk cans if covered with cotton cloth soaked in salt water, will, it is said, keep milk sweet in the middle of summer, while jolting over a railroad to market.
Despite nothing because it seems weak. The fly and the locust have done more hurt than ever she-bears and lions did.
Mrs. Smith, the Cook would ask, have you a marriage certificate? "Yes, your honor, three or four a day."

by a correspondent of the "Country Gentleman," she writes:
"Did it ever occur to the ladies how much aid and comfort they might furnish their husbands and brothers by taking an interest in their labors, inquiring as to the success of experiments, and manifesting that sympathy that we all feel the need of? Nothing sweeter toll like sympathy. The reward of the farmer's labor is not bread alone; it is the approbation of Heaven, his own self respect, and lastly, the approval of his fellow-men, and especially the better part of creation. The tournament is not the only place where women can incite to action, and reward the victor. Would that they felt their power and exerted it on the farmer as well as they do on the orator and warrior. Farming can never take its true rank among the occupations of our country till the women properly appreciate it, and are as ready to lend a hand and heart to the farmer as to the merchant and professional man. The contrast between our country and England in this respect is striking.—The duchess and the queen herself take an interest in all that relates to the advancement of the farming interest, and do not feel it beneath their dignity to notice an improved Durham or South Down. Whereas, I asked the daughter of one of our farmers a short time since about a beautiful calf of her father's and she had never seen it. She had heard her father speak of such a calf but had not felt interested enough in it to look at it. How can a man feel much enthusiasm in his labors when the results of his efforts are so little appreciated? The woman wish us to admire their trim figures, and we love to do it, and to gain our admiration they contract here and expand there, till the human form divine is lost in the multiplicity of folds and adornments. They call upon us to admire the chof-d'œuvre of their tiny hands, the love of a bonnet, and they never fail to pronounce it beautiful, charming, perfect; bewitching; but when we ask them in return to look at a sleek Suffolk, or a finely developed Short Horn, they turn up their noses as though these things were vulgar and beneath their attention. We can never expect our sons to grow up with a love of agriculture till its merits are better appreciated by the mothers and sisters."

Action of Frost Upon Soils.
The soluble part of the soil is the inorganic food of the plants. Rain water cannot come in contact with the soil, or even with a gravel heap without dissolving some of it. Expose almost any stone, or handful of gravel, washed clean, to the action of a quart or so of rain water several days, and upon evaporating the water, it will be seen from the residue left that a portion has been dissolved. Now let these same stones be exposed, covered or partly covered with water, in a saucer, to the action of frost, setting them out of doors for two or three cold nights, taking care that they thaw by day. Pour off the water, rinsing with fresh, and evaporate as above, and it will be seen that a very much larger quantity has been dissolved. The reason is, that all stones being somewhat porous, by the action of the frost their outer portion is broken up, scaled and flamed, and a vastly greater surface is exposed to the action of the water, even though this dissolving is not visible to the eye.—When land is exposed to alternate freezing and thawing, the same effect must take place.—*Scientific American.*
The above hardly covers the whole action of frost upon soils; for whilst the disintegration of surfaces of particles above referred to, must be admitted as true in degree, still the greater amount of disintegration is the more thorough separation of the particles from each other, so as to break up their contact. It is well known that water has its mass of bulk at about forty degrees Fahrenheit, and that it swells either by heating or cooling; thus, from forty down to thirty-two degrees, (the freezing-point) water increases in bulk, while a film of water located between two particles, or even but partly filling the space, and not entirely intermingled between them, when the collar of water surrounding the point of contact is swollen, it must force the particles apart, and thus admit atmosphere between surfaces previously too closely in contact to admit of such action.
All organic matter in the soil imbued by water, is disintegrated by its freezing, and indeed there is no amount of weight, nor any arrangement of matter, capable of defying that necessary agent of vegetable growth, known as Jack Frost.

Temperatures higher than forty degrees occurring suddenly, forcibly the effects of frost in degree, so far as they affect disintegration.—*Working Farmer.*
A bill has recently passed both Houses of the New York Legislature, so modifying the death penalty that executions hereafter are only to be for treason, arson, and murder in the first degree, and death sentences are not to be executed until one year, nor until the Governor so directs by warrant. This gives time for developments, if error or perjury has been committed.
The Rev. John Stein, for the last forty years pastor of the Lutheran church in Lebanon county, Pa., died last week. He was one of the oldest Lutheran clergymen in Pennsylvania. In the war of 1812 he deceased served as a volunteer in the defence of Baltimore.
Outside of Philadelphia, the largest Medical College in this country is at Nashville, Tennessee. The class, at the recent ninth annual commencement, numbered 450.
Milk cans if covered with cotton cloth soaked in salt water, will, it is said, keep milk sweet in the middle of summer, while jolting over a railroad to market.
Despite nothing because it seems weak. The fly and the locust have done more hurt than ever she-bears and lions did.
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